

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Watch thou, and wake when others be asleepe,  
To pry into the secrets of the state,  
Till *Henry* surfetting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new Bride, and Englands deere bought Queene,  
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be false at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,  
With whose sweet smell the ayre shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of *Yorke*,  
To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*:  
And force perforce, ile make him yeelde the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

*Exit Yorke.*

*Enter Duke Humfrey, and Daine Ellanor,  
Cobham his wife.*

*Elnor.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripened Corne,  
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load,  
What seest thou Duke *Humfrey* King *Henries* Crowne?  
Reach at it, and if thine arme bee too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a Prince?  
Vnckle to the King? and his Protector?

Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy minde?  
*Hum.* My louely *Nell*, farre be it from my heart,  
To thinke of treasons gainst my Soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,  
And God I pray, it do betide none ill.

*Elnor.* What dreamet my Lord? Good *Humfrey* tell it me,  
And ile interpret it: and when thats done,  
Ile tell thee then what I did dreame to night.

*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamet  
That this my staffe, mine Office badge in Court,  
Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:  
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes  
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,  
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolke*.

*Elnor.* Tush

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

*Elnor.* Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but  
That he that breakes a stick of Glosters groue,  
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord ile tell you what I dreamet,  
Methought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
Where Kings and Queenes are crown'd, and at my  
*Henry* and *Margaret* with a Crowne of Gold,  
Stood ready to set it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fie *Nell*. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
Art thou not second woman in this land,  
And the Protectors wife? belou'd of him?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?  
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Elnor.* How now my Lord, what angry with you  
For telling but her dreame? The next I haue  
Ile keepe it to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

*Hum.* Nay *Nell*, ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your Grace, the King and Q  
row morning will ride a hawking to S. Albones,  
company along with them.

*Hum.* With all my heart; I will attend his Grace  
Come *Nell*, thou wilt go with vs I am sure.

*Elnor.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before  
As long as Gloster beares this base and humble name  
Were I a man, and Protector as he is,  
I'de reach to'th Crowne, or make some hop head  
And being but a woman, ile not behinde  
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to c  
Who is within there?

*Enter sir Iohn Hum.*

What Sir *Iohn Hum*, what newes with you?

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